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Reminiscences of Army Life.

A PAPER

Read before the Missouri Commandery

OF THE

MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

Loyal Legion of the United States

MARCH 5TH, 1887.

BY COMPANION

EVERETT W. PATTISON,

Late Captain 2d Massachusetts Vol. Infantry.

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READ BEFORE THE MISSOURI COMMANDERY OF THE MILITARY
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BY COMPANION

EVERETT W. PATTISON,

Captain Second Mass. Infantry.

The attack on the Sixth Massachusetts at Baltimore, was an event of supreme importance in connection with the secession movement. Until that hour multitudes at the North had refused to be convinced that the conflict was inevitable, and few persons of mature years had considered the possibility of being personally called upon to bear arms. But the tidings of violence in the streets of Baltimore as they were flashed over the land, brought to every mind a conviction not only that war had actually commenced, but that at this juncture there rested upon each citizen a duty to his country which could only be discharged by personal service. Nowhere was the excitement more intense than in that city of central Massachusetts in which I was then residing. Many of her citizens were in the ranks of the famous Sixth; and while we waited with uncertainty for the list of casualties, not knowing what families would be plunged into mourning, the feeling grew and deepened. No battle in after years, with its long list of dead, wounded and missing, created so profound an impression as this comparatively bloodless affair.

...

The call for three years troops which soon followed this event, the enthusiastic response of the old Bay State to that call, the promptness with which regiment after regiment was raised, equipped and sent to the field, are matters of history. I was then just twenty-two years of age, and partook of the prevalent enthusiasm with all the ardor of youth. My determination to enter the service was at once formed. But preliminary to putting this resolution into effect, I had a difficulty to remove as to which I experienced no little misgiving. My father was getting to be an old man. His affection for his children was deep and fervent. Grave doubts filled my mind whether he would willingly consent that his oldest boy should encounter the hardships and risks of war. It is true I was of age, and could have gone without his consent. But our relations had been too close and intimate, and my respect and veneration for him was too great, to permit my taking such a step without his approbation. At last I mustered up courage to broach the subject, and with no little hesitation and tremulousness made known my intention. His answer showed the true Anglo-Saxon spirit. "I should be ashamed of you," he said, "if you did not go."

It was this same element in his character which led him at a later period of the war, after the surgeon had reported that my younger brother was physically unfitted for service in the field, to offer the usual bounty to any one who would go in his stead, and in addition thereto to care for the family of such substitute during his term of service. The same stern and determined spirit showed itself in that younger son. He would not remain at home, notwithstanding the warnings of physicians, but entered the army at 18 as a private soldier, and remained in it, without losing a day from active service, until the last gun had been fired.

In April and May, 1861, several Massachusetts regiments were in process of formation, among them one in



my own city, which was afterwards mustered into the service as the Fifteenth. There was one feature in this organization, however, common to most regiments in our service, which was contrary to my notions of military matters. It was formed on the militia plan. A number of men constituting a company elected their officers. Several companies combined to form a regiment, and these elected the field officers. It seemed to me impossible that the requisite discipline could be maintained by officers thus selected. And though I was offered a commission in the Fifteenth, I preferred to wait. The time was not wasted, as a portion of every day and night was given to drilling under a drill-master hired for that purpose. About the middle of May I heard that a regiment was being raised in Boston, the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel of which were graduates of the military academy, had both seen actual service, and in which it was declared that the strict discipline of the regular army was to obtain. This was what I was looking for. I took the train for Boston, and went out to the camp. I found one of the officers—Capt. A. B. Underwood, who was afterwards, while Colonel of the the Thirty-third Massachusetts, wounded at Missionary Ridge, and who before the close of the war became a Brigadier General. Finding that I had an idea of enlisting, he promised that if I would enter his company he would give me the position of First Sergeant. I accepted it, signed his roll, returned to my home to bid good-by to parents, brother and sisters, and next day reported at camp for duty.

This regiment was the one which afterwards became famous as the Second Massachusetts Infantry. On the 29th of April, five days before the President issued his call for three-year troops, the Lieutenant Colonel and Major of this regiment had induced the Secretary of War to sign a paper agreeing to receive into the service of the United States for three years, a regiment which Col. Geo. H. Gordon was then raising. It thus happened

that this regiment was the first in the United States to be organized for a three years campaign. It did not obtain the number "One," because the regiment of Massachusetts militia which held that number also went into the service. But it was in fact first in point of time.

The ten companies of the regiment were soon raised, and by the 20th of May all were in camp at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, the place immortalized by the author of *Blythedale Romance*. "On the gently sloping hillside in the wide pasture," which Hawthorne describes, we pitched our tents. And here we remained until July 8th. The days were spent in unceasing drill and in the performance of every military duty and observance which would be required in active service in the field. I find from a letter written on the 6th of June,* that the daily routine of life was as follows: Up at quarter of five; drill until half past six; breakfast at seven; guard mounting at quarter before eight; drill again at half-past eight until half-past ten; drill again at half-past eleven until half-past twelve; dinner at one; drill at half-past three for two hours; dress parade at half-past six; supper at seven; tattoo and roll-call at nine; taps and sleep at half-past nine. After such a day's work as that, it may well be imagined that I was ready for sleep, and lost no time in getting into my blankets. It was a pretty severe life for a young man who had never known what work was, and whose most arduous tasks had been in the school-room or study. It had its advantages, however. For, considering that this was almost my first absence from home, I might have had a severe attack of home-sickness if there had been any time for it.

In the same letter I find a description of my accommodations. They seemed scant and hard enough to me then, although they were luxurious when compared with later experiences. "The accommodations of soldier life

* This paper is made up almost entirely from the contents of my letters written home during the first two years of my army life. E. W. P.

are not of the best," I write. "I have after a week and a half of effort succeeded in obtaining a table. Not a chair, or a camp-stool or anything but a small box; and that is one that one of my company left in here for a day or two. The rain is pattering down on my tent, but doesn't come in *much*. * * * I mess with the four under sergeants—five in a tent. The privates mess twelve in a tent. I have my meals alone, however."

On the 8th of July we marched into Boston, whence we took cars for the west. An incident occurred in connection with our departure which illustrates how little, even at that late date, it being then nearly three months after the attack on Sumter, people realized that the war was a terrible reality. As the men were falling in preparatory to the march from the Common to the depot, one good mother in Israel, gazing earnestly in the face of the Colonel, said; "We look to you, Col. Gordon, to bring all of these young men back in safety to their homes." Safety! That was not exactly what those young men were going after just then. Certain it is, if, in those many hard-fought fields which made the following years glorious, there was any place which safety had utterly abandoned, the Second Massachusetts always found that spot.

The morning of the 9th of July found us in New York. Never shall I forget that march down Broadway; that magnificent regiment, with clean new uniforms, dark blue coats and light blue trousers, we having from the first adopted the regulation uniform, the ranks full, 1035 men in line, every man wearing white gloves, every musket and article of equipment as bright and neat as constant rubbing could make it; the officers in full dress uniforms with chapeaux and epaulettes, and the field with gayly caparisoned horses. The men showed the effects of their six weeks drill and training. In precision of marching and in soldierly bearing few commands superior to it have ever been seen on the streets of New

York. Immense crowds thronged the sidewalks, hung from the lamp-posts, filled the windows of the stores and the balconies of the hotels. The new call "Hi! hi! hi!" had just come into fashion, and as the head of the regiment approached each square it was taken up by the crowd, and was passed from block to block and repeated from thousands of throats, until the last file closer had disappeared. It was such an ovation as men seldom receive. Every eye sparkled, every heart beat proudly, and every step was firmer for it.

We left New York at night, and when the drums beat the assembly, the place where the companies had to fall in was pitch dark. Yet to the wonderment of the throng which pressed close up to our sentries, every first sergeant called the roll of his men without the slightest hesitation, and called it correctly too. For in our training camp the first sergeants had been early taught to dispense with the roll-book; it being required of each that he should be able to call the roll of his company under any circumstances, in darkness or storm, in camp or on the march, without the aid of book or paper. There was not a first sergeant in the regiment who could not, on the darkest night, make up his detail for guard or picket duty without missing a man.

We had been assigned to Patterson's command, who was then operating near Winchester, with Johnson opposing him. We joined this command at Martinsburg on the 12th of July. Its movements, or rather non-movements, up to the time of the first battle of Bull Run, and the subsequent melting away of that army, which was composed mostly of three months men—the settling down by three-years regiments which remained to daily drill and discipline, and to the earnest purpose of forming an army which should on future fields show its metal, are all matters of history. I shall refer to them only as they connect themselves with my own experiences and those of the command to which I was attached.

Most of the time between the defeat at Bull Run and that at Ball's Bluff our regiment spent at a little insignificant place in Maryland, with a name which seems to have been conferred upon it with a special view to its occupancy by troops, Darnstown; and there day after day we went through our tedious evolutions—squad drill, company drill, battalion drill, brigade drill. We drilled with knapsacks and without knapsacks—in warm weather and in cold weather—in rain and cloud and sunshine alike. Oh! the volleys of oaths that those hills heard! For our regimental officers believed in the virtue of swearing; and while the Colonel damned the subordinate officers, the Lieutenant Colonel damned the men. There was a true impartiality about this damning that could but excite our admiration, and it is needless to say that we would never have learned the various evolutions without it. For you know that drilling and swearing have always gone together from the time when that celebrated army was in Flanders.

This camp at Darnstown illustrates one of the uncertainties of military life—that uncertainty which, to my mind, is one of its greatest charms. We marched into a field by the road-side near that classic village on the 30th of August. I find from a letter written on the 12th of the next month, that on that August day our officers were so confident that the halt made there was only temporary, they did not for several hours permit us to pitch our tents. About noon, however, the order came, and the tents went up, for a single night, as was supposed. Yet there we were on September 12th, and there we remained for nearly six weeks after the latter date. I repeat, this very uncertainty, was one of the great charms of a soldier's life. We knew what the present offered us. But into the future we could not look, not even so far as a single hour. That which appeared to be the most temporary and evanescent, was not infrequently, the most

permanent. That which we expected would endure, was often most unceremoniously and suddenly terminated.

Thus, after we had gone into winter quarters at Frederick, and the nice warm huts had been built, with their cheerful fire-places at the upper end, some one in authority away up the line took it into his head on the 4th of January—the very coldest part of the winter—to issue an order that we should cook two days' rations and hold ourselves in readiness to march. This order was received on the 5th, and on the 12th we were still under marching orders, and were still keeping our two days' rations cooked and in readiness. On the 30th of January, the same state of things continued, and the movement was finally made on the 27th of February, just fifty-three days from the time it was first received.

While camping at Darnstown, an incident occurred which for a time threatened serious consequences, but which was really of little account except as it showed how far apart, in the matter of discipline, were regiments from the same state. A private soldier in ours had been sentenced by court martial to be tied up one hour a day for three successive days. On the first day the men of the Twelfth Massachusetts, the camp of which adjoined ours, saw the man undergoing his sentence. Immediately the cry was raised: "Cut him down! cut him down!" and in an instant our streets were full of excited men of the Twelfth, who were going to release that fellow at all hazards. They little knew, however, with what stuff they were dealing. The regimental guard was quickly turned out and stood quietly awaiting the rush. But the rush didn't come. The rescuers glared at the guard a few moments, and then permitted their officers to coax them back to their camp. But during that afternoon, both the Colonel of the Twelfth, and Major General Banks, commanding the corps, endeavored to induce our Colonel to have the sentence on the succeeding days carried out in some retired spot where its execution could not be seen. And when

this was refused, since it did not come in the form of an order from the General commanding, Col. Webster, fearful that he could not control his men, on both days took his regiment away off to a distant field, and kept them on battalion drill during the entire time the man was undergoing his punishment.

I have already indicated that I was an admirer of military discipline. That of the Second Massachusetts was strict, almost rigorous, and was carried into the smallest details. The intercourse between officers and men was limited to that which was official. While I was first sergeant I was in a company whose Captain was the brother-in-law of my most intimate friend. One of the other Captains and one of the Lieutenants in the regiment had been schoolmates with me, where our intimacy had been more than usually close. Yet we never recognized each other, except officially, until I was promoted to the line; and on occasions when business called me to my Captain's tent I never sat down, but invariably stood with hat off and at attention till the business which took me there was transacted. When I received my commission I went to my former quarters and bid good-bye to my fellow sergeants, with whom I had been tenting for nine months. And from that time all social intercourse between us ceased until some of them were in turn promoted. An incident which partook somewhat of the ludicrous will illustrate the extent to which this observance of the punctilliousness of military etiquette was carried. One warm day after a prolonged spell of drilling, the Captain ordered a rest. All the non-commissioned officers and privates threw themselves upon the ground. The Captain approached me to give some directions, and as I made a movement to arise and occupy the position of attention, he said: "Never mind, Sergeant, about rising; I have only a word to say to you." Unluckily at that moment the Colonel appeared in sight, mounting a ridge which had concealed his approach. He

rode up to the company, and said: "Captain, is your sergeant sick?" The Captain saluted and responded in the negative. "You will report to your tent under arrest," he said to the Captain. Then looking around and seeing that there was no other officer with the company, he turned to me and said: "Sergeant, drill this company," and rode off without another word.

I am aware that this may seem to be a needless martinetism. And so it doubtless appeared to us at the time. But there can be no question that it was this insistence upon the most rigid discipline at all times and on all occasions in trifles as well as in important matters, which made that regiment one which every General was glad to have in his command, one which could be relied upon in any case, be the emergency ever so grave.

While we were in winter quarters at Frederick, an enterprising individual came along peddling stationery. He had procured what purported to be a sketch of our encampment, and had lithographed it for the letter heads and the backs of the envelopes. When our Colonel looked at the picture great was his indignation. The artist, impressed probably with the idea that the scene would be monotonous if all the sentries had their muskets at a carry, had represented one of them standing in most unsoldier-like ease, his arm leaning on the muzzle while the butt of his piece rested on the ground. The engraving was, of course, "from a sketch taken on the spot." But "the spot" was in the artist's studio, and not in the vicinity of our camp. One thing is certain, it would not have been well for any man on guard duty in that camp to have been caught in the position occupied by the sentry in the picture.

A letter written home about this time contains a question which forcibly recalls one of the many delusions and false reports which in those days were so constantly floating about in the army and at home. "What do they think at the North of Jeff Davis' death?" I

write. “What effect do they think it will have on the war?”

While at Frederick I received my commission as Second Lieutenant, and was assigned to Company E. I find in one of my letters the following description of my Captain, which, as I omit names, there can be no indelicacy in reproducing. “Who is that long slim man on the left hand bed?” you ask. “He is rather slim both in face and limb. He has a very heavy beard but so arranges his hair as to give a feminine cast to his countenance. His words of command are given in a soprano tone, and are pitched in the key of E; but when he converses this is harshened into a grumbling tone. You will observe at the foot of his bed a bottle, not round and black, but square and of light glass. Yes I am sorry to say he is very dissipated—though on the comparatively harmless drink of Cod Liver Oil. Cod Liver Oil is his morning solace, the companion of his meals, and ere he goes to bed he drowns in its mellifluous, slippery waves all the cares of the day. Verily he drinketh much cod liver oil. That is my Captain; the best Captain and most ardent lover of a military life in the whole line. His company have the utmost confidence in him, and he is always ready to swear by his company. He is a man of fine talents, a great reader and an author of no mean pretensions, a member of a family well known in the annals of the country, and a descendant of one who has occupied the President’s chair. With all his womanish ways and looks he is ever ready for a fight, and is as cool in the midst of carnage as when draining a glass of his favorite cod liver oil.”

As I look back upon my relations with my Captain, many pleasant reminiscences come to my mind. He was a great reader, and his reading took a wide range. He remembered, too, whatever he read, and could repeat page after page from many authors. Many an hour has been thus beguiled of its tediousness. On more than one

occasion when in bivouac, and when we have been driven by the cold rains of late autumn to spend our hours in bed in order to keep warm, we have lain snugly wrapt up in our woolen blankets with rubber blanket over all, and while the rain pattered on our heads and the gusts of wind whirled the smoke from a sputtering fire in our faces and filled our eyes with involuntary tears, the Captain would repeat whole pages from Biglow papers, or from Dickens, or some other equally entertaining writer, until I would utterly forget the little discomforts and annoyances which would otherwise have made life miserable.

I call to mind one debt I owe him which was of a more substantial kind. As we were going into the battle of Cedar Mountain—an affair which we plainly foresaw was to be a bloody one—each committed to the other sundry arrangements to be carried out in case of casualty to either. Among other things he mentioned that he was expecting a box from home. “If I get knocked over,” he said, “I want you to enjoy the contents. Take them and use them as if they were your own.” When the action was over the poor fellow was badly wounded and in the hands of the enemy. It was many a long day before we met again. But the box came to hand in due time. It arrived just at the end of Pope’s celebrated retreat from the Rappahannock, during a great portion of which we had been on half rations, and the balance of the time on no rations at all. The box was filled with the best things, liquid and solid, (including cod liver oil,) that Boston could produce and that loving care could provide; and the poor fellow for whom they were intended was luxuriating in the delicacies which were served out in Libby Prison. I was too old a soldier, however, to let my sympathy spoil my appetite; and two or three friends helped me stow the rations, which we washed down with healths to their eccentric but good-hearted owner.

I have mentioned the battle of Cedar Mountain. Among my letters I find very full accounts of this action, containing some incidents which will, perhaps, be of interest. For the length of time the engagement lasted it was certainly the bloodiest affair in which I participated during the entire war. We were under fire a little less than thirty minutes. In that time our regiment lost six officers killed and mortally wounded, two wounded and taken prisoners, one a prisoner but not wounded, and four seriously wounded but still within our lines, and several others slightly wounded. Of 23 officers who led their men into action only seven came back unhurt. Of 500 enlisted men 160 were killed, wounded or missing. On no other field, except that of Gettysburg, could our loss compare with this.

Cedar Mountain is a steep hill rising from a comparatively level plain on the Gordonsville and Culpepper Pike. Near the top is a house from which can be seen every rood of ground for many miles around. On the roof of this house Gen. Jackson was stationed, and with his glass swept every avenue of approach. He knew as accurately as Pope himself, the number and position of every command on the Federal side, and just what force to send against them. Upon our doomed brigade, consisting of three regiments, he hurled four brigades. They advanced obliquely on our right flank, so that when their center reached our right, their left far overlapped us and had already penetrated to our rear. Then we were subjected to a cross-fire, and it was that cross-fire that so rapidly swelled the list of casualties. One officer of "ours"—Capt. Goodwin—had risen from a sick bed to lead his men into this battle. Just as the rebel lines turned our flank, volley after volley was poured into his company. Capt. Goodwin was instantly killed. His servant who was near him, stepped forward to take his body to the rear. He was killed and fell across the Captain's body. The First Sergeant then attempted

to get the body of the Captain. He, too, was instantly shot, and fell across the bodies of the Captain and his servant. A corporal and a private then renewed the effort to carry off the body, and they, too, fell dead across the other bodies. And there on the next day when we went to bury our dead the five bodies were found, one on top of the other, just as they had fallen.

When the Colonel saw that the regiment was flanked he ordered us to fall back about 200 yards, and there we took up another position where we remained unmolested. While executing this backward movement the color sergeant discovered that the eagle which surmounted the color staff—a rich, heavily gold-plated one—had been shot off. He was already some distance from the place which had been occupied by our troops. But that eagle was not to be left to become a trophy for rebels. Leaving the colors with the color-guard, he retraced his steps, found the eagle, and brought it back in triumph. And for this heroic act he received his shoulder straps.

There has been no little discussion as to which side won the victory in this engagement, or whether either side was victorious. I find in a letter written the next day after the battle, some remarks on that point, which show the way I looked at it when everything was fresh in my mind. From this letter I quote: “For three reasons I say the enemy did not gain the victory. The first is that we were only driven back from our advanced position to that which we originally occupied, and we had given the enemy so severe a punishment that they did not dare follow us one foot. The second reason is the great loss inflicted upon the enemy. It was fully equal to, if not greater than, ours. I know it in several ways. One of our officers, the Major, was mortally wounded. Yet the rebel surgeons said they had so much to do in taking care of their own wounded that they could not attend to him, and they had to send and get help from our side for him. Again, under a flag of truce our offi-

cers conversed with many of the rebel officers. One of the latter said that the rebel loss was not so great as ours, but that the Union men fought like devils. But another—Col. Jeff. Stuart, a classmate of Gordon's at West Point, by the way—said that it was the fiercest fight of the war, and that their loss was tremendous. (I remark here, parenthetically, that Lee's report makes the Confederate loss 229 killed and 1047 wounded—a total of 1276.) But the most convincing fact is that the enemy did not dare again attack us; and what is more, asked an armistice to bury their dead, and during the armistice they drew off their whole army across the Rapidan River."

Promotions were rapid in those days. "When I went into that fight I was fourth in rank of the 2nd Lieutenants. When I came out I was the sixth in rank of the 1st Lieutenants. I entered the action a mere file-closer. I came out in command of two companies. That happened in this way. During the thickest of the fight my Captain sent me to the Colonel with some information as to the approach of a body of the enemy on our left. Just as I passed Company F, a terrific volley swept over the regiment, and the only officer of that company was badly wounded. As this left his company without an officer the Colonel ordered me to take command of it. Later in the action my Captain was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. So I had charge of my own company also." It was some two or three weeks afterwards before there were enough line officers to allow one to each company. And as the empty tents flapping in the night wind called to mind our brother officers, some lying in soldiers' graves, some pining in southern prisons, a tinge of sadness colored our thoughts. But such is war.

At Gettysburg, also, our loss was heavy; and there, too, it was quickly over. I was then serving on the staff of Gen. A. S. Williams, who, though only a Brigadier, in that battle commanded the Twelfth Army Corps. Towards

the latter part of the forenoon of that day, Gen. Mead and all of his staff officers, together with a large number of general officers and their staffs, had gathered on a small rocky knob that rises abruptly a short distance to the left of the pike leading to Gettysburg. All were intently watching the contest in which the right wing was then engaged. A regiment was seen to move from behind the breast-works and gallantly charge the strongest point in the enemy's position. For some twenty minutes the unequal contest was kept up. Then this regiment moved deliberately and with a perfect alignment to the rear, then by the left flank a few rods, again by the left flank into their original position. Here they knelt down and poured such a galling fire into the enemy which had started in pursuit, that the latter were glad to seek shelter. Every movement of the regiment had been executed with the precision and care of a review. From all sides I heard exclamations: Beautiful! beautifully done! What regiment is that? and like expressions. I had recognized the colors of my own regiment, and my heart swelled with pride to which I sought in vain to give utterance.

But fearful had been the cost of that brilliant movement. It was a case, so common in warfare, of a mistaken order. An order had been sent to the brigade commander to "feel the enemy" at the point indicated. When the message reached Col. Mudge, who was in command of the Second, it had grown into an order to attack the enemy and carry his position. The young commander, for he was only twenty-three, gave a sharp glance at the Aide who had repeated the dispatch, and with the quiet remark: "It's murder, but it's an order," gave the word to advance. Bravely he led his men on that forlorn hope. But he never came back. He fell while leading the charge; and when the regiment returned it left with its commander on the bloody field 134 officers and men. Forty-four in every hundred had fallen. For

of the 22 officers and 294 men who were sent to that useless slaughter, only 182 returned unharmed. During the carnage five color-bearers in succession were shot down. But those colors never touched the ground. Before one nerveless hand had relaxed its gripe another had siezed the staff. And during the whole fight that flag which I had so proudly recognized was borne aloft by men who could die, but could never see their colors trail in the dust. No wonder one of the generals near me cried out in his enthusiasm: "I never saw a finer sight than that regiment coming back over that terrible meadow, facing about and forming in line as steady as though on parade."

Among the officers who bore honorable wounds on that day, was Capt. Tom Fox. He was one for whom I entertained a warm regard, and our friendship was mutual. Our ages were almost equal, both having been born in February, 1839. We graduated from college about the same time. When the war broke out we were both engaged in teaching, spending the hours not appropriated to school duties in studying law. Both of us had thrown our books aside to enter the service. He joined the regiment soon after I was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and from that time our intimacy dated. I met him shortly after the action on the 3d, and he was then in the best of spirits. He was proud of his regiment and of what it had done on that day. A ball had struck him in the ankle, inflicting what all supposed to be a slight wound. "I will go home," he cheerfully said to me, "and get a little rest and visit my friends. This thing will soon heal, and I will be back by the time the regiment shall be called into action again." I bade him good-bye, without a thought that I had seen him for the last time. But the wound was more serious than we imagined, and in just three weeks afterwards he died.

As I look over these old letters, comical incidents are mingled with the sad. I find in one, written the day

before Antietam, an amusing account of the fainting of a man in the ranks. It was the day after the action at South Mountain. We were toiling up the steep roads that afford the only passage over the ridge, now winding around declivities, now attaining some vantage ground from which we had an unobstructed view for miles, and again plunging into thick woods which entirely shut out every prospect. Just as the road entered a small patch of trees near the summit of the mountain, a battery on the other side, and only about a quarter of a mile ahead, opened fire. As one gun after another boomed out, it seemed in that clear air as if we were directly upon it. Suddenly there fell upon our ears the sharp ringing sound of a musket striking upon rocks. As every eye turned in that direction there was seen the body of one of the most stalwart men in the command. He lay stretched out at full length on the macadam by the roadside, seemingly in a dead faint. One of the officers of his company approached him and gazed intently into his face. Then grasping him by the collar, with a vigorous jerk he brought him to his feet, and while he assisted him with his boot to retake his place in the ranks, he remarked in a tone that could be heard the entire length of the regiment: "The next time you want to faint, don't do it with red lips." It is needless to say the poor fellow never heard the last of that episode; and he was known to the close of the war as the man-who-fainted-with-red-lips.

One more incident, and I will not further tax your patience. The battle of Resaca, in Georgia, was fought in a very hilly and woody country. Ravines concealed by trees and heavy underbrush, led in almost every direction, and for this reason it was difficult to find a position where our flanks were not more or less exposed. An Indiana battery had been placed at the mouth of one of these ravines, where it commanded the ground over which the enemy must pass in advancing, and there it

had done magnificent execution. Charge after charge of the rebels had been repulsed, and a large share of the credit was due to this battery. The enemy evidently came to the conclusion that those guns must be silenced at any cost. There was a slight depression on the left flank of the battery; but the forest seemed so thick and impenetrable there that its Captain did not anticipate any trouble from that quarter. He reckoned without his host, however. Late in the afternoon, while hotly serving his guns, he was thunderstruck by an attack from the left and rear. His infantry support almost immediately gave way. There seemed nothing for it but that his Parrotts must go. The rebels sprang upon them with a yell, and before he could give the order to face about, the gray uniforms were swarming upon him. But Gen. Williams saw his predicament. The first brigade, which contained the Third Wisconsin, the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-seventh Indiana, was near at hand and not engaged. The General rose in his stirrups, pointed to the endangered battery, and shouted: Save it, men. I have never seen a job done with more neatness and despatch. That old first brigade simply went for those guns. One tremendous volley was fired; and then without a shout or a sound, but with that terrible earnestness which seemed to render cheers a mockery, they charged upon the gray-coats. The battery was saved, and in a few moments was pouring cannister into the enemy's lines with, if possible, greater energy than before. But it was a treat to see that Captain. He ran up to the nearest regiment of the brigade, with his great long arms stretched to their utmost, and grasping as many men as he could reach, he hugged and squeezed them to his bosom. Tears of joy ran down his face, and he almost sobbed out his incoherent words of thanks and praise. He said he had heard that the eastern army could not fight. But it would not do for any

man to say that in his presence thereafter. From that event dated the fraternization between the troops who had been transferred from the Potomac and the men who had fought in the west, which during the long march to the sea became cemented into the closest friendship.

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